



Just Plain Cat.

Our neighbor's cat is Persian, the Joneses' is Siamese, and the Angers has feathers to her knees. (At least they look like feathers, and a tail on big and white. When that kitty meets a puppy dog, I tell you, it's a sight to see. What breed is mine—my pussy, sleek and fat? They laugh and pull my ears, and say, "I fear—just cat.")

It's true her eyes aren't yellow, her tail is rather small, I don't know if she ever had a pedigree at all. (That big word means her mother, her grandmother, too, they say. That they all took prizes at a show, were named a special way.) What do I care for markings, for prizes and all that? My kitty's just as precious if she is just cat!

She was the dearest kitten, all scamp and all fun. Not one of all my other pets could make me laugh like her. She may be very common, but I know she's good and true. For she meets me when I come from school with loving little mew. And when she's round me never see a frowny mouse or rat. And I believe I love her better 'cause she's just plain cat!

—Joan, Pendleton Ewing, in Youth's Companion.

Prince and Kit.

When Prince was told by his mistress that he was to have a little sister he did not like it and turned up his nose more than a good little pug dog should. "I never did like cats," he said to himself, and ran off to bark at a big black one on the fence. Then he slowly came back and sniffed at the soft little ball of malice for that lay on the doorstep.

Prince was like many little boys and girls. He had been spoiled. When his first master brought him to his present home he was so thin that you could see his ribs through his skin, and there was an ugly bare spot where a woman had thrown hot water on him and it had taken his hair off. His paws were sore, and no wonder, for he had walked and trotted beside his master's wagon two thousand miles, as far as half way across the great Atlantic ocean. For whole days he had to live at times on a few scraps of bread, and had to lap up water from some ditch by the roadside. Many a day as he trotted along the dusty road his tongue was so dry that it hung out of his mouth.

But his new mistress liked dogs, and Prince had nice bits of beef to eat and milk to drink and bread with butter and sugar on it, for his dessert. He had a little red blanket to sleep on, and lay on this in his mistress's bedroom on cold nights when other dogs had to shiver on piles of straw in sheds or out of doors. Soon he grew smooth and fat. The hair came over the ugly patch on his skin and he looked like the high-born pug that he was.

Prince was a good dog. He only ran away once or twice, and when his mistress told him how wrong it was, he put his paws on her lap and asked her pardon. Then she told him about the wicked men who caught the dogs who ran away, and put them in a wire cage in a big wagon and took them to a place where they were all drowned. After that Prince might go to the front door and look out, but he would not go into the streets alone.

When Kit came to be his little sister, Prince thought that she would eat his nice things, and that made him sniff at her and then run off with his bones and bury them. After a little while he saw that Marie, the maid, gave him just as much as ever for his dinner and that he had as many goodies as before Kit came. Then he let her lie down on the edge of his blanket and did not growl when she crawled up to where he was eating. He felt he had been selfish, so when Marie asked them both to come and eat one day, Prince let Kit stay beside him, and even invited her to jump up on her hind legs and brace against him, so that she would have as good a chance as he at the goodies in Marie's hand.

Another time he very politely waited and gave Kit the first chance while he stood off and watched her jump for the tidbits.

Good dogs, like good boys and girls, always get their reward. Did you ever let a cat lick you with her tongue? It is rough and feels like a brush. Well, dogs like to be brushed and rubbed. Kit must have known this, for when evening came and the two stopped playing, she would lie down beside him, and lick his face and back and paws just as an old cat washes her kittens.

Prince was part bulldog and was fond of holding on. He would set his teeth in a piece of wood and you could drag him all around before he would let go. But it was all in play. He never bit anybody, no matter how much he was teased. Prince and Kit are both growing old now, and do not play as much as they did, but they are as happy together as if they were real brother and sister, and show how nicely a well-bred dog and cat can get on with each other.—New York Tribune.

Geography Day With Mother.

Polly and Carrie were very happy. Mother had decided that they were to have lessons at home during the winter. They liked mother's lesson plays. To-day was geography day.

Polly had the pretty globe that mother let her buy for her birthday dollar, and Carrie had the lovely book, "Great Cities of the World," that Uncle Will had given her. Mother was allowing them to use her folding sewing table, and this always pleased the little girls.

On mother's table was a pile of pretty mounted magazine pictures. Polly and Carrie had never seen any of

this set before, so they were full of eagerness.

"What is the first city described in your book, Carrie?" asked mother.

"London," replied Carrie.

"Yes, because it's the very largest city in the world. Polly, can you find it on the globe?"

"I don't think I can," said Polly.

"Well, dear, you can find Boston and New York. Put the crochet needle point on New York,—Carrie may look, too,—then go across the Atlantic ocean to the British Isles. You will find London, now, if you look carefully."

"Oh, I see it, I see it!" exclaimed Carrie.

"Now we will visit London for a little time. What buildings are shown in your book, Carrie? You may both look at them."

There were fine pictures of the great Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"Of course," said mother, "as we are to travel about a good deal to-day, we cannot stay long in one city. We will take a picture-trip about. Then when we come back to stay longer, at another lesson, we will see how much we can recall. Here is a picture of Windsor Castle, where the King of England lives, and here is a different one of the Tower. You have the picture of the 'Princes in the Tower,' and can tell the story, I think."

"Oh, yes," said Polly. And Carrie said she thought she could.

"I will ask you to tell it by and by. Here is a picture of the 'Poets' Corner' in Westminster Abbey."

Then mother talked about the great poets, Milton, Shakespeare and others, whose tombs in this great church are visited by so many travellers. There were pictures of all these great men and their homes, so it was easier to remember.

After a story of the London fog and the great London Bridge, mother said they must travel on.

"The next city is Paris," reported Carrie, turning the leaf of her book.

"Aunt Lucy has been there, and told us ever so many things about it, and there's a whole book of views—the Eiffel Tower, the Notre Dame, the cascade in the lovely Bois de Boulogne, and a good many more," volunteered Polly, eagerly.

"You seem to know so much about Paris," laughed mother, "that I think we'll have a Paris day to-morrow. Bring all you can find about it to the lesson."

"There'll be that French book of Bible stories with pictures," said Polly. "You can read the stories, mother. Aunt Lucy said the little French girls read them just as easily as we read our English ones."

"You will be able to read them some day, I hope, just as they are. Now, can you go to Paris from London?"

With a little help the children could make the short trip on the globe. New York came next in Carrie's book, but as the children's aunt lived in New York, and they had visited ever so many places in and around that city, mother said they would go on to the next city, which Carrie found was the very populous Chinese city of Canton. They found there was a long journey to take before they could reach this city.

"What a big, big place this world of ours is!" exclaimed Polly. "I like the 'Journeys,' mother. I shall be glad when we go to some cold city, up north, where there is skating and sledding. I like to see the fur robes."

That made Carrie laugh. "I like the warm countries best," she said.

"This Canton is such a warm place that people live on boats in the river—thousands of people."

"Oh, mother, do they, really?"

"Yes. Here is a picture of the floating city. See! That is a river barber; and here is a river doctor going his rounds. Boats carrying meats, candies and all kinds of things to sell go about with their wares."

The little girls thought it must be fun.

"At evening, when the candles and incense sticks are lighted—"

"Joss sticks, mother?" asked Carrie.

"Yes. When the little lights are burning the scene is like fairy-land. The people throw burning gift papers into the river and set off firecrackers to frighten away the evil spirits they have not yet learned are never to be feared. You know, do you not, that the Chinese are a great nation for making fireworks?"

"Yes, mother. The little 'logs' of punk that come with the odd hand-stoves have Chinese writings on the wrappers. And Mr. Goon Dong, who spends his summers with his family at the lake, has a very big fireworks store in Boston."

"That is true. I'm glad you remember. Now we mustn't get too tired so I think we'll close this lesson."

"Oh, please, mother, let's go to just one more city!" pleaded Carrie.

"If we do, I shall not have time for the game," said mother, quietly.

"Oh, we must have that!" decided the children.

So mother passed them some little cards with numbers on them, and they found the pictures that had numbers to correspond. Then they told all they could remember of what they had learned about their pictures, and for every good story a gift star was pasted on their lesson-card. Sometimes an extra good story won two stars.—Annie Stevens Perkins in Youth's Companion.

Milk for Rattlesnake Bites.

James McBride, a well known stock man of Barre, was bitten by a rattlesnake the other day and only his presence of mind saved his life. He drank a 20-pound pail of milk and then came to Trinidad for medical treatment. The doctors say the milk saved him.—Trinidad Correspondence of Denver Republican.

NEWEST OF BATTLESHIPS

SOME FEATURES OF ENGLAND'S FIGHTER TRIUMPH.

The Number of Rounds Fired from Each Gun Per Minute Gives an Average of Five Without Any Difficulty—Railway for Hauling the Guns Inboard When at Sea.

The great length of the Triumph, 436 feet between perpendiculars, is very observable as one approaches her when aloft, and gives the impression of a somewhat low freeboard. Such, however, is not in reality characteristic of this war vessel. Her freeboard at the bow is 21 feet 6 inches, but as she has a rising sheer aft, the freeboard at the stern is 19 feet 6 inches, and the height of the centres of the two 16-inch guns forward above the load waterline is 23 feet 6 inches, the corresponding centre height aft being about two feet less. The height of centres of the main deck battery 7.5 inch guns is 13 feet 2 inches, or rather more than that of the main deck battery 6-inch guns of the King Edward VII., making, however, the angle of heel required to bring the centre of the muzzles to water level rather less than that of the last named ship, in consequence, of course, of the much greater length of the 7.5-inch guns.

A striking feature of the Triumph is the main deck open battery containing ten 7.5-inch guns. It is enclosed by 7-inch Krupp steel armor on the sides, with diagonal bulkheads of 6-inch steel armor at the several gun positions, but there is no longitudinal web of this strength isolating the guns in the rear, which is to be regretted. The ammunition is brought up to each separate position by electric hoists, which can work with great rapidity and are an immense improvement on the old winch hoisting gear.

The guns are lifted up to the overhead railway to be run in for housing inboard, when the vessel is at sea, by a small hydraulic engine, this replacing the differential blocks and hand chain gear for the 6-inch guns of Admiralty vessels. The ammunition also has a hoist for carrying the projectiles into position, but, as a matter of practice, we understand that the blue-jackets prefer to lift the 200-pound shell by hand, two men lifting it, one at the point, another at the base. Telescopic sights are placed upon the left side of the guns, which give the most admirable results in firing practice. The range covered by them is from 12,000 to 14,000 yards, but the most effective range of the 7.5-inch gun is rather within those limits. It is needless to say that, with ten guns of so large a size and the mess tables and all the fittings and gear of the enclosed battery, the space is rather crowded; but the tables fold up, so as to economize room, and the covers of the ammunition hoists are compact and well placed. The gun positions themselves have plenty of room. The number of rounds fired from each gun per minute gives an average of five without any difficulty, and the officers on board speak well of the 7.5 inch gun, as being quite as handy as a 6-inch.

The 14-pounder guns on board are practically similar to the ordinary 12-pounder gun employed in our Admiralty vessels, and will, we understand, take the same ammunition. The 6-pounder gun is a specialty, with a breech face to the interior of the gun, so that it could not possibly be blown out. It has a lever action somewhat similar to that of the ordinary 12-pounder. Pompons are employed in the tops and are not regarded with equanimity by the blue-jackets, owing to their disagreeable noise and habits of jumping. This was found to be the case in South Africa, where many of the guns were put out of action by the smashing of the pompons and jaws by which the gun was secured to the carriage. On the bridge of the Triumph the noise is distracting when these guns are fired.

The cranes for lifting boats in and out are most serviceable. A steamboat weighing fifty tons can be picked up, swung round, and dropped into the water as easily as a dingy, and the hang-over is very far reaching. It is true that they present a larger surface to the fire of an enemy than an ordinary boom, but they are in duplicate, in case one should be disabled. Five large dynamos supply the electric power for all the requirements of the ship, and an infinity of motors. All the ammunition hoists are operated by electricity, and many of the other movements on board are similarly worked.

There is rather a deficiency of power in the ventilating department on board, the fans employed and the ventilating trunks being of smaller size than those usually supplied to the Admiralty-built vessels. In point of fact, their absence in many places where usually found in our battleships is most conspicuous. The result is that below the armored deck the heat is intense, and what this part of the ship will be like when she is stationed in the tropics—if ever—it is impossible to conjecture. Even in this cool country it is unpleasantly warm down below. And the only workshop is buried down at a considerable depth. The result of this is that the portable and movable part of the repertoire of tools is brought up to the main deck and repairs are effected in this more salubrious climate.

The accommodation on board the Triumph is excellent. Bathrooms, lavatories and a capital smoke room are parts of the wardrobe officers' attributes and the gunroom is a perfect palace. In the Chilean navy many officers who are in the wardrobe in the navy of Great Britain belong to the gunroom mess.

While on board we were shown the spot where the Triumph was rammed by the heavy Trinity barge. It was to reach the counter, happily, however the 2-inch armor plate extending to the stern received the barge's steel stem as it dove inward and only the upper strake of ordinary plating was crushed up. The 3-inch armor plate was crushed up. The Triumph can keep up her twenty knots with comparative ease, and has done so.—London Engineer.

spot where the Triumph was rammed by the heavy Trinity barge. It was to reach the counter, happily, however the 2-inch armor plate extending to the stern received the barge's steel stem as it dove inward and only the upper strake of ordinary plating was crushed up. The 3-inch armor plate was crushed up. The Triumph can keep up her twenty knots with comparative ease, and has done so.—London Engineer.

A LOGGING ENGINE.

Peculiar Machine That Draws Trains From the Bonner Camp.

The operation of logging trains on the Big Blackfoot railroad which has resumed, after a shutdown which has lasted during severe weather, says a Missoula despatch to the Anaconda Standard, this road, which was completed last year, is one of the most interesting short roads in the country. It runs from the hills through the Camas prairie country, a distance of 13 miles, and carries train-loads of logs to be dumped into the Blackfoot river for the Big Blackfoot Milling company's plant at Bonner. Since the enlargement of the Bonner plant it will be possible to keep the railroad running most of the year, and probabilities are its trains will continue to haul logs to the river all summer and fall at the rate of 30 car-loads per day.

The equipment of the railroad consists of two Shay engines and 59 logging cars. The engines are most interesting, as they are of a special make. They work by means of cog wheels, thus making it possible for them to haul over heavier grades than the ordinary type.

The grade at some places along the Blackfoot is about 4 percent, which is too great for an ordinary railroad engine. During the last two years the Big Blackfoot company has spent in the neighborhood of \$200,000 on its railroad and mill improvements, and the plant is now in a position to run 12 months in the year. This is good news to those who depend upon the lumbering industry in this end of the state, for, in addition to the men employed in the hills, there are in the neighborhood of 200 working in the factory and mill at Bonner.

The Big Blackfoot company has about 200 men at work in the hills at the present time cutting timber, and these men will cut enough to keep the road in operation most of the time. Logs are hauled from the hills to the McNamara landing on the Blackfoot river and from there they are driven down the river. At the landing now 23,000,000 feet of logs wait for the drive, and this amount will soon be increased by means of the railroad facilities. The capacity of the Bonner mill has become so great that it keeps an army of men at work supplying it with lumber. However, the company owns enough timber property to the mill to supply it for a quarter of a century or more.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

More than two thousand skilled workmen have left the French silk factories of Roubaix and Tureloing within a year for the United States.

Thibet's 6,000,000 people have to support an army of 430,000 priests, who produce nothing but beautifully illuminated copies of the sacred writings. They hold all the public offices.

One of the show bottles in a Derby (Cl.) drug store contains the same coloring matter that was placed in it in 1894. It is just as bright a blue as it was the day the bottle was closed.

The saints have no fewer than 397 streets named in their honor in London. There are 105 Church streets, 56 Chapel streets, 66 King streets, 100 Queen streets, and nearly as many High streets.

The first Japanese newspaper was published in 1853, only forty-one years ago, and contained some news translated from the Dutch papers. To-day Japan has over one thousand five hundred daily newspapers and periodicals.

The monks at the Hospital of St. Jean de Dieu, at Ghent, have in their leisure moments decorated the walls with gorgeous landscapes, glowing with color and full of life, formed entirely by means of the postage stamps of all the nations of the world.

A bell cast by the Boston patriot, Paul Revere, hangs in the bell tower of the Chapman street schoolhouse at Greenfield. There is another of his bells in the church at Sunderland. A third one was in the church at Northfield, which was burned several years ago.

The Beldens have long been accustomed to horses next as food, but of late importations of the animals, mainly from England, have shown so many that were emaciated, weak and obviously unfit for food that the Superior Council of Agriculture has recommended that such importations shall cease, or that broken-down horses, unfit for work, shall be classified as cattle, in which case the high duty will keep them out.

A Secondary Consideration.

"Yes, the auto whizzed across the dock and plunged into twenty feet of water. And, by George, it wasn't injured the least bit!"

"How about the passengers?"

"The passengers? I don't think the paper said anything about the passengers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Celery in the Garden.

Celery is an important crop for the home garden, as it occupies ground upon which some earlier crop has already matured. It can follow peas or spinach, for instance. It likes nitrogen in abundance and so does particularly well as a second crop on the ground previously occupied by peas, which leave nitrogen in the soil.—The Garden Magazine.

Corn Silage.

A dairyman who has long fed corn silage says: "Corn silage is nothing more or less than canned corn, and it is better than corn stover for the same reason that canned fruit is better than dried. The farmer who has built a good silo and filled it properly never says that silage is not a good feed, but on the contrary, he cannot say too much in its favor. He finds in the spring that his silage fed cattle have coats as sleek and smooth as most cows do by the middle of June. It is a well attested fact that an animal with a glossy coat is invariably in good health and properly nourished, and it is from the well-nourished cows that we get our strong and healthy calves."

Oat, Straw and Butter.

Some one asked for experience with oat straw, fed to dairy cows as to causing long churning.

We have given oat straw as a roughness, the only roughness, to our Jersey cows for 4 months continuously, and have had long churning but once in that time. Our cow has been given milk, without cessation over 13 months, and had all the bright oats straw she desired, also soft corn, cob and all, all the good fresh well water she wished and salt three times a week. We allow the cream to thicken and become somewhat acid and have it lukewarm before churning; use a balance churn, always rinsing with scalding water, and if weather is cold do not cool the churn much before adding the cream. When required warm water is added to the cream in the churn. Usually the butter is worked, churn washed and put away in 45 minutes from commencement of churning. In zero weather I always poured a pint of scalding water to the gallon of new milk as soon as strained.—E. C., in Indiana Farmer.

To Beautify the Farm.

The lawn could be started the first year, and a few trees planted as desired about the house and at the driveway entrance, with perhaps sufficient property grouped in intermediate positions to relieve any bareness that might exist. The next season shrubbery borders and groups might be planted with additional trees on the lawn for ornamental purposes. The flower garden need not follow till later. Meanwhile, the pleasure accompanying developments would be going on with always some little thing to look forward to.

Plant trees and shrubs that have permanent value and not too ordinary. Avoid the cheap, quick-growing trees which are invariably less satisfactory in the end and are short-lived. I will only name the oaks as being especially worthy trees, and ones that will never bring regret. A few really rare plants will increase the interest in your place wonderfully. Such beautiful things as the Yellow Wood, Ginkgo, Sophora and Japanese Varnish tree are not difficult to obtain, yet they are not common.

An unused piece of swampy ground could be made beautiful by planting in it some flags and Japanese Iris, Mallows, Lythums, Coreopsis, and even many swamp-loving shrubs like the common elderberry, White Fringe and Swamp Magnolia. The walls of your house would likely be very much improved by a clinging vine. The fence along the front of your property could have a few vines placed at some of the posts.—S. Mendelson Meehan, in American Cultivator.

Blocking the Road.

It is important to bear in mind that highways are dedicated for the purpose of travel only, and anybody that interferes and obstructs travel on the highway throughout its whole width, from the line on one side to the line on the other, who is not himself a traveler, is a wrongdoer, per se, and in case of accident resulting in damage, he is not only barred from recovering for his damage because of his wrong-doing, but he is liable to respond in damage to the other. Under this head may be cited the usual habit of some people of leaving their wagon, a pile of wood, their hay rack, or other truck on the side of the road.

Another instance under this head that might be mentioned is the case where a teamster drives his team up to a hitching post on the side of the street, ties them to a post and goes away and leaves them. At that moment he ceases to be a traveler and is obstructing the highway. Have I not a right, you will ask, to hitch my team to a post and go away and leave them? I would answer, certainly you have, only you must beware of hindering travel, the road was made to travel on and if travelers can get by you by ordinary diligence, they, nor anyone else, have a right to complain,

but, if they can't get by with ordinary prudence, you are the man to get out of the way, travel on, or suffer the consequences.

I mention this case because I have observed some people in hitching their team to a hitching post, instead of pulling the wagon close up to the curb, to avoid interference with travel, leave the hind wheels far out in the highway. If such a person coming back found both his hind wheels broken, I don't think it would pay him to inquire who broke them.—Alexander Caldwell, in the American Cultivator.

Silage Profitable for Cows.

"The prevailing high prices of grain feeds in the face of very moderate prices for dairy products have reduced the dairyman's profit to the point where it is a question with him whether he can make the cows pay for the large grain ration he has been accustomed to feed. If he can dispense with half the grain he has been feeding without materially reducing his production of milk, and butter fat, his chances for profits have increased.

"To determine what effect the feeding of more silage than is usually fed by dairymen, with a corresponding reduction in the grain portion of the ration, might have upon the production of milk, butter fat, gain in live weight, cost of the ration and consequent profit, the Ohio station conducting during the winter and spring of 1904 an experiment with ten dairy cows.

"The plan of the experiment was to compare two rations carrying practically the same amount of dry matter. In one over 50 percent this dry matter was derived from silage and less than 18 percent from grain. In the other 57 percent of the dry matter was derived from grain, no silage being fed.

"The silage used was a mixture of one ton of soy beans and cow peas to two and one-half tons of silage corn. The silage as fed contained 18.63 percent dry matter, 2.36 percent protein, 4.68 percent crude fibre, 0.92 percent fat and 9.36 percent of nitrogen free extract.

"The cows fed the silage produced 96.7 pounds of milk and 5.08 pounds of butter fat per hundred pounds of dry matter; those fed the grain ration produced 81.3 pounds of milk and 3.9 pounds of butter fat.

"The cost of feed per hundred pounds of milk was \$0.687 with silage and \$1.055 with grain ration. The cost of feed per pound of butter fat was 13.1 cents with silage and 22.1 cents with the grain ration. Upon the conclusion of the experiment, such lot of cows was found to have gained in live weight; Silage fed, 47 pounds her head, and grain fed, 57 pounds per head.

"The facts reported seem to justify the conclusion that silage can be made to take the place of a considerable portion of the grain ration."—Ohio State Bulletin.

Drainage a Simple Task.

The oft-repeated remark by many farmers during seasons of extreme moisture, "I know I ought to lay a good many tile on my farm, but somehow I don't get around to it, and the fact is there is no professional ditcher one can hire," is heard from time to time and especially during a flooded season like the present. My good friends don't look for a "professional," for I have learned that only ordinary intelligence is required, or that possessed by any level-headed farmer.

Make a beginning; select a portion of some field needing work of this kind, where your horses, farming implements and yourself have often found it difficult to pass, locate the desired outlet, line out the direction of the ditch you wish to construct, beginning at the outlet. Yourself and the ordinary farm help, supplied with the proper tools, consisting of a regular ditching spade, with long, narrow blade, one or two long-handled shovels, a long-handled, light, narrow shovel for cleaning out and grading bottom of ditch, and an ordinary pick is all that is required for doing perfect work. Where the fall is plainly visible (and for a beginner such a condition is preferable), no level is required. A regular ditching plow has been found to be a great labor-saving implement in constructing a ditch in hard, dry ground. With four horses attached to a long, strong, even, two horses on each side of the ditch, the work can be expedited with much less expenditure of muscular labor.

The ditch should not be less than 2 1/2 feet deep, even more would secure a greater surface drainage. Having finished the ditch, it only remains to properly lay the tile, making close joints as possible. A light covering with the clayey subsoil is the only hard labor called for. With two horses attached to an ordinary farm plow, the remainder of the ditch can be filled in a short time. One having witnessed the wonderful transformation of unproductive and water portions of the farm into that which enables it to produce an abundance year after year, and that without the aid of usual fertilizing material required on other portions of the farm, should be sufficient incentive to continue the work indefinitely as convenience and conditions demand.—Irving Cook, in the Massachusetts Ploughman.